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COOGLER'S SUPPLEMENT.

The "Original Verse" of the South Carolina Bard.

He Unites Within Himself All the Qualities of the Romanticist and the Realist.

[New York Sun.]

We are proud to remember that we were among the earliest admirers of the poetic genius of Hon. J. Gordon Coogler. His name is borne on all the wings of all the winds now. A large part of the business of the postoffice, his postoffice, at Columbia, S. C., consists of mail orders for his books, requests for his autograph, letters from his literary correspondents and disciples. His "Purely Original Verse" has just reached its sixth edition. A supplement contains thirty-two pages of his latest poems. Like a man of business and of sense he is his own publisher; like Goethe, he combines the shrewdness of the man of the world with the imaginative instinct and delicate fancy of the poet. Those of us who divined the morning glimmer of his faculty have the right to rejoice the most in its noonday splendor.

With the works contained in his earlier editions the world is familiar. Yet now, when Mr. Coogler's fame is at the height, these lines in which the utmost modesty accompanies the sense of power and the certainty of renown are doubly impressive:

"You'll never see this form clad in gaudy apparel,
Nor these feet playing the 'dude' in patent leather shoes;
But your children's children will some day read
Some pleasant quotation from my innocent muse."

He knows that he has built his monument and that posterity will read and admire as his contemporaries do. But "innocent muse" is too cold a phrase. Recalling the undulation and diversity of these poems, the wide vision that reaches from the romantic sorrow of "Maud" the Mill and the Lily to the easy humor of "A Mustacheless Bard," may we not attribute to Mr. Coogler "all the charm of all the Muses?" His "Man Without the Hoe," one of the supplementary poems, is simpler, more reasonable, more natural and sounder than the daub of rhetoric that suggested it. Two stanzas must be given here:

"He's forty summers old, and is strong and fat,
His chin and forehead are alike,
Dark and flat."

"His coat and pants are slick with age,
And his hat;
A collar never adorned his neck
Or cravat."

"I am inclined to believe," says the poet slyly, "that there is more truth in them than in those lines that drowsy Mr. Coogler belongs to no school. He is a romanticist and a realist. The combination is striking in such a poem as 'Alice On Her Bike':"

"I love to view thy slender form
Upon the bike of shining steel
Fain would I start me off and steal
Round some lone corner where thy wheel
Might pass me nigh."

It is hard to say whether there is more truth in those lines than those that drowsy Mr. Coogler belongs to no school. He is a romanticist and a realist. The combination is striking in such a poem as 'Alice On Her Bike':"

"There's a little brown-eyed lady
Who is very dear to me,
She occupies a lovely cottage
'Mid the oaks in Waverly."

It is wasteful to quote from a book which everybody will read, but at least we must show Mr. Coogler, often so pensive, in his bristler and roughish vein. He is addressing a girl who wears suspenders, or an imitation thereof:

"You are not masculine or neuter,
Neither of those genders;
Therefore I'd advise you to
Pull off those suspenders."

You get from this volume a mental picture of Mr. Coogler as an honest, affectionate and a sunny-hearted man. There is a portrait of the physical Coogler, also, a man of good eye and port. In the final poem he says:

"Stand back, let me hang my harp on the tree,
You are weary of the music it brings."

We shall not stand back. That harp must come down to refresh us with the music it brings.

KNOW THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
Neighborhood Boy (sitting on log, fishing)—If you're lookin' fur a place to spread your grub you'd better stop right where you are.

Chorus of Picnickers—Why, there is nothing but pebbles here. We want to find a spot where there's some grass.

Neighborhood Boy—Grass nothin'! When you git your baskets unpacked you'll find you'll need all them stones to throw at the pigs.

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HEROISM OF ARTHUR EGAN

Former Toronto Boy Who Has Saved Fifteen Lives.

A Modest Youth of 17 Who is Annoyed by His Fame—Sketch of His Career.

[Chicago Tribune.] Eleven reporters and five artists called on 17-year-old Arthur Egan the other day to ask him how he saved fifteen persons from drowning in five years. The worst of it was they called at different times, so that the modest hero was forced to tell the story of his deeds eleven times and pose before the artists five times.

It is a distinction that Arthur didn't enjoy, and finally he went in hiding to dodge the fame he has won by his brave deeds.

One reason why Arthur doesn't think it much of a thing to save a person from drowning is that he is so much at home in the water. Swimming came to him as naturally as it does to a young trout. He never took a lesson in swimming in his life, but swims like a fish, with a strength and endurance really marvelous. Physically he is a splendid specimen of budding manhood. He is of medium height, and his well-knit frame promises muscular development. His chest is deep, and capable of great expansion, just what a good swimmer needs. His arms and legs are harmoniously developed, and would make a fine model for a painter of the nude or a sculptor.

He was not born in Chicago, but came to this city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Egan, when he was six months old. His cradle stood in Toronto, Ont., where his grandfather and his father were raised, and where they are still remembered as unusually excellent swimmers. Arthur was too young when he lived in Toronto to extend an acquaintance with the water beyond the narrow limits of his little bathtub, and he did not begin to swim until he was about 11 years old.

SWAM UPON FIRST ATTEMPT.

It is amusing to hear Arthur Egan speak of his first lesson in swimming, if less so it may be called. "I was sitting on the pier at the foot of Fifty-fourth street one day with some of my friends, when one of them, out of pure mischief, pushed me into the water. The water was rather deep in that spot, and I could not touch bottom with my feet. I knew I had to do something to keep my mouth above water, and without knowing anything about swimming, I began to scramble dog fashion for the shore, which I reached without much trouble. My success greatly encouraged me, and from that day on I had perfect confidence in my ability to keep my head above water, no matter how rough the latter may be. After a while I learned to swim with different strokes and in different positions, but after all my first lesson was the most valuable and instructive, because it gave me self-confidence, a matter of the greatest importance for a swimmer."

It was not long after Arthur had received his first lesson in swimming that his skill and courage as a swimmer were put to the test. His style of swimming was still rather primitive, though he had outgrown the poodle method some months before.

FIRST SAVED AT TWELVE YEARS.

One day in the summer of 1887, Egan, who was then but 12 years old, and a few older friends of his went to bathe at the foot of Fifty-fourth street to bathe. One of the boys, Ed Reynolds, a lad of 18 years, although not knowing how to swim, went down the ladder into the water and let go of his hands. He had seen other boys do the same trick and he felt safe and thought he could do it too. When his head went under water, however, he became scared and began to beat the water wildly with his hands in his efforts to regain the ladder and before he had had time to call for help, Arthur Egan, who was the best swimmer among the boys, leaped into the water without hesitation and with a few strokes reached the place where his comrade had sunk. Just then Reynolds came to the surface again. Arthur raised Reynolds' head above the water and pulled him to the shore. On the pier, after he had reached the ladder, his other comrades assisted him in pulling Reynolds up on the pier, where he was soon revived.

FIGHT WITH AN UNDERTOW.

The next life which Arthur saved was that of Raymond Aldine at Barry Beach two years ago. Arthur was loved his inclination for the water and had obtained a position as watchman and life-saver at the beach. Raymond Aldine was a boy of about 8 years and a pretty fair swimmer. On a rough and windy day, when the undertow was particularly strong, Aldine went in swimming, although he had been warned of the danger. The boy was near a northern pier when the undertow took hold of him and swept him out. He battled bravely for a while, but was not strong enough to withstand the power of the water. The people on the beach noticed his desperate position in which he was and called Egan, who at the time was fully dressed and sitting in the office of the beach. Egan ran out on the pier and, dressed as he was, dived into the turbulent waters of the lake. When he reached the boy the latter was already so thoroughly frightened that he fought like a little wildcat. Dragged down by his wet clothes and greatly impeded in his movements, Egan had to struggle fiercely to keep himself from drowning, but he bravely fought with the desperate little boy and finally brought him in safely, thoroughly exhausted and almost unconscious.

HARDEST STRUGGLE OF ALL.

"It was one of the hardest fights against odds which I have ever fought," said Arthur Egan afterwards. "My clothes felt heavy and impeded my movements and I could hardly hold my own against the fearful force of the undertow. Besides that, the boy struggled so hard that my task became desperate. Several times I was at the point of giving up, but finally I managed to reach the shallow part of the beach. Even then it took me about fifteen minutes to fight my way to the shore."

Arthur Egan has made interesting studies in regard to the different ways in which persons act when they are in danger of drowning. In many cases the frantic struggles of the prey cause danger of drowning greatly to increase the difficulty of the task of the life-saver, and in some cases not only

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defeat his efforts but even endanger his own life.

DANGERS IN TRYING TO SAVE.

"The great trouble is," said Arthur Egan, "that most people, when they get their mouth and nose under water, cannot get their breath, become terribly frightened and lose all control of themselves. They struggle and fight with terrific fury until they become unconscious."

Sometimes it is mighty dangerous to try to save such persons. I remember that a fierce fight I had with a big, fat man whom I saved from drowning. He had jumped off the diving stand and I thought it was when he tried to reach the float. I was in a boat at the time, and when he cried for help I quickly rowed over to him. By the time I reached him he was thoroughly scared and desperately clutched the boat. He weighed about 200 pounds, and in the twinkling of an eye he had the boat upset and he spilled in the water. Once he got hold of me and I thought it was all over with me, because he was so strong and heavy, but I managed to get away from him and into the boat. I would not let him get near the boat but exasperated him with which I dragged him ashore."

WOMAN WHO HELPED.

"Not all people get so scared," continued Arthur Egan; "some remain perfectly cool and collected and give the life-saver but little trouble. I remember a young woman who used to come out here often. She was a good swimmer and never had any fear for her safety. One day, however, she was attacked by cramp while she was patting a child who was in a boat, and when I came near the place where she was quietly floating on the water she called me and asked me to tow her in, as she had the cramp and could not swim. She did not give me any trouble and I did not seem frightened in the least."

In the summer of 1889 Arthur Egan saved the life of an unknown boy of 14 years who jumped off the pier into the lake after all my friends had how to swim. The next person he saved was the big fat man already mentioned. Neither the boy nor the man ever considered it worth their while to return their names or to thank their rescuer.

"I don't care much," said Arthur Egan the other day, "but it's strange that most of the people whom I have saved are now dead. You know, I thank you after they were all right again. I don't know whether they are ashamed of the fix they were in or whether they simply lack good material. I don't know, but I don't think saving is a rather ungrateful business."

ROLLED OVER A BARREL.

The next person whose life Arthur saved was Fred Spencer, one of his best chums. Fred went out on the lake about 150 yards and was attacked by cramp. Arthur was in the office, dressed in his bathing suit, when the alarm was given. He hastened out and just reached his friend when the latter was about to go down for the third time. He brought Fred in safely but it required twenty minutes of hard work to revive the lad by rolling him over a barrel to restore respiration.

The next two in order were two boys, one of whom fell on the raft, the other off the diving stand. Neither of the boys knew how to swim, and went under like a piece of lead. Arthur hauled them ashore without much trouble.

Peter Browning, of Armitage avenue, was out swimming and when he was within 25 yards of the pier his strength gave out, and he sank after a while. Arthur was fully dressed in the office at the time, but did not hesitate a moment to come to the rescue. Browning had gone under for the third time before Egan reached him, and he was nearly dead. Browning head down on the sandy bottom of the lake. It required a desperate struggle to restore Browning to life again.

As a matter of fact, his credit was that of J. A. Baker, who tried to commit suicide the other day by jumping in the lake. Between the cases mentioned Arthur Egan has saved several lives, but he knows neither the names of the persons saved nor does he remember any of the details.

LORD STRATHCONA WILL NOT RESIGN.

Montreal, Que., Sept. 1.—Lord Strathcona today gave an emphatic denial to the report that he intended to resign his position as high commissioner for Canada in London.

DON'T CARE ABOUT HIS ANTI-IMPERIALISM.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 1.—Today Rev. Albert Walkley, pastor of the Unitarian Church, told his congregation that if his anti-imperialistic views stood in the way of the church he was ready to step out. The members of the church were told that he would not think of allowing Mr. Walkley to resign, although they did not agree with his anti-imperialism.

CHAMBERLAIN'S GREATNESS.

It was at a Birmingham boarding school, and the teacher asked: "Who made the earth, sun, moon and stars?" "The boy should administer Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It is safe and effectual."

BISHOP STRACHAN

Rev. Conway Cartwright Gives Some Early Reminiscences of the Pioneer Bishop.

My earliest recollections of the first Bishop of Toronto are somewhat hazy. In fact, the only figure I distinctly recall of the verger, the awe-inspiring personality, clad in somber black, with a hooked nose and a white tie. About three years later I remember the bishop, then on Wolfe Island, patting my temples and declaring that I had eaten enough pudding because the spot was quite hard.

But that period at which I saw most of him was while a companion of mine on a confirmation tour in 1865, about the second week in May we left Toronto in a cab, and starting at St. Jude's, Scarborough, held confirmation in the counties of Durham and Ontario, until we finally emerged at Newcastle and took the train back to Toronto. The Rev. S. Givens joined us at Whitby and stayed with us until we reached Port Perry. The vergerable prelate was a worker, and never spared himself, as the record of one day's doings may show. One Sunday we left Manchester about 8:30 a.m., and drove to Uxbridge, a distance of miles. There, after full morning service and sermon, the bishop confirmed thirty candidates, standing and laying his hands on the candidates, who at the conclusion with an address of about forty minutes' duration. Immediately this service was over we started for West Brook Church, said to be ten miles further, where, after full morning service, there were eight were confirmed and another long address given them by the bishop. Afterwards we drove another ten miles to Cannington, to find the people of the inn busy evening socializing. It was a little after nine when we got our first meal since our eight o'clock breakfast. A little scene that occurred that afternoon may serve to show the age of the general prelate, who was the principal figure in the day's hard work. Coming out of West Brook Church, on our way to the cab, a fine apple-cheeked old gentleman, who was walking along-side of me, said to him: "Will your lordship tell me how old you are?" "Tell me first how old you are?" replied the bishop. "Well, I am seventy-four," said the farmer with a tone of pride. "I have been married for thirty years to that," was a reply that amazed the recipient. I still recall with amusement old Mr. S.J.'s face showing a did half-mile stages, a long time ago, and at the same time an almost sheepish look of abashed pride of old age.

Leaving one of the smaller towns his lordship said to me: "I had an idea of putting you there, but this Yankee has got in and we cannot remove him, but General" (he had given me in my childhood this nickname, a General, was the name of a figure in the war of American independence)—"if you get a country mission you will have to learn to ride, and, General, you'll fall off!" When I was set out I was not going to say a sore shoulder or something.

I have been told that in those days he would look at nothing under sixteen hands and always rode at a gallop, with a loose rein and some of the out of the stirrups as in the days of old.

"General" he went on, "did I ever tell you of my ride from Aberdeen to Edinburgh and back. In those days made by the railway, but I was not very long going those ten miles, for when ever he slackened I hot him another bang. When I knew that the next turn would bring me in sight of the inn at the end of the stage, I mounted and tied him and took away the gorse—verra canny—and picked away all the prickles. Then I got on again and rode at a walk. The ostler just lifted up his hands and said, 'Well, I have seen that horse in a sweat afore.' But I said nothing."

The bishop's habit was to content himself with a breakfast at eight, and he preferred to have dinner at six if possible. He had the strongest objection to anything between times. "I hope," he said, "that you can do with two meals a day, for, as a rule, as soon as it gets mid-day the clergymen who are traveling with me will say, 'My lord, we must go to this farm house and get some bread and butter.' So away they go and come back with their mouths a greasy—maist disgusting."

A beautiful trait of his character was his thoughtfulness for his aged wife. Because she would fret if she did not hear he found time to write her a letter during our trip except the Sundays.

From Port Perry through Oronto to Newcastle was a long trip, and the old man laid himself out to enliven me with stories of his early life. Some of them humorous—some of them bearing testimony to the hardships incident to a pioneer bishop's work. I fear shall not do full justice to the way I can recall. He told me that he believed he was the first to go through the whole way from Owen Sound to Toronto. The road had just been cut, and he traveled in a wagon. Knowing that he would need their assistance, he engaged four American axemen, who were returning home, to accompany him. For, soon after leaving Owen Sound, they came at the end of a bridge to a bad mud-hole. It was dry on the surface, so the driver thought it would bear them; the bishop thought not and got out. The next minute they were into it, fairly mired, the horses holding their noses up. After some difficulty they procured a team of oxen from a neighboring farm; but the driver was a raw Irishman, who did not understand the language of oxen, and in so doing the wagon from the slough jammed the wheels so tightly between two large pines that it was necessary to cut one down to free it. As they possessed only one small tomahawk, this even with the expert axemen relieving one another in turn, was a matter of hours. However, they got through to Toronto without any further adventure worthy of recording.

"On one occasion," said the bishop, "I had old Dr. Beaven with me, when the pole of the wagon struck a stump in the road and broke off. 'What shall we do now?' said the doctor. 'Oh,' I replied, 'the verger will go to that farm-house and borrow a pole, while you and I will make up our robes and other things in a bundle and walk on to the place where they expect us. By the time we have finished the confirmation the verger and driver will have arrived with the wagon.' 'Is it a bishop carry a bundle?' said the doctor in astonishment. 'Why not?' said I."

"On another occasion, near Holland Landing, we had to keep an appointment thirty miles off by the road; but the people of the inn said that there was a short cut through the swamp that reduced the distance to twelve miles. I knew enough of side roads to wish to keep to the main one, but the clergymen with me were so anxious to try the short cut that I yielded. Very soon we found that hundred yards or so we had to take down the snake-fences to build a sort of corduroy bridge over a mud-hole or impassable bit of road. There were three young clergymen with me, and I observed that when we came to a bad bit they would say, 'My lord, we had ride on and see if there is any chance of getting out of this.' They did so twice, but the third time I said, 'Na, na! you'll not ride on! you'll stay here and build bridges.'"

And George Stuart, that is the archdeacon, you know, were ordained on the same day at Kingston. George Stuart preached in the morning, and I preached in the afternoon, and we dined at your grandfather's. Old Mr. Stuart was as planted there at certain distances apart and began to watch for the first signs of their germination. After spying on the plants as they grew, it became known that he had really put some momentous enterprise on foot.

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Seedless Watermelons.

[From the Denver Post.] Former State Senator Swink has been working on the seedless melon proposition many years. During the long winter nights he sat up and wrestled with the great problem, "How can it be done?" Often daylight found him examining minutely and microscopically the seeds he had cut and hacked and desiccated, in his efforts to determine how to get along without them. And early one morning about five months ago, so it is related, Mr. Swink came bounding into breakfast after one of his all-night sessions and startled his wife and children by shouting in a perfect spasm of glee: "I've got it! I can do it!"

Then, it is said, he rushed away without explaining to his astonished family what on earth he meant. But Mrs. Swink is reputed to have said: "Never mind; father knows." And as "father" stands quite well in the estimation of his family, the mere knowledge that he knew was sufficient to all. Swink selected certain kinds of seeds, planted them at certain unusual distances apart and began to watch for the first signs of their germination. After spying on the plants as they grew, it became known that he had really put some momentous enterprise on foot.

Later, Mr. Swink brought and laid before his family and friends a huge, long green melon, and dividing it clearly by one stroke of his big knife, displayed to them the pink interior of a splendid emerald sphere without a single seed. This was but the small beginning of a great end. Of course Mr. Swink will not reveal the secret process by which he cut off a melon's hope of posterity and at the same time renders its fleeting presence here most beneficial and beloved.

The seeds for the melons have always been considered a great drawback, and while they do not act as complete neutralizers of the joys of such delicious gormandizing, they have by comparison been regarded as a serious menace to the lives of the eaters.

Timely Resolution.

[Huron Expositor.]

The West Wellington Farmers' Institute seems to be fully alive to the interests of the farmers of this county and to be prepared to do its share towards securing their rights. The following resolution, which was passed unanimously, was presented to Prof. McLean at Guelph, when he was pursuing his investigations there last week, by the president, Mr. Jas. McEwing. It would do no harm and might do much good if other institutes would pass similar resolutions and forward them to Mr. McLean. Such resolutions would show the feeling among the farming community as to the railway question, and if they reach the government, as they no doubt will, may have the effect of strengthening the governmental backbone when dealing with the railway companies. No government can subsist very long in this country without the support of the farmers. The farmers have, therefore, the power in their own hands, if they see fit to exercise it, will be securing justice at the hands of the railway corporations. If they do not take interest enough in their own affairs to use the power lawfully, the farming community instead of being their masters, they need not be surprised if they are laughed at by their oppressors, and the bleeding process still goes on. The resolution speaks for itself and is as follows:

Moved by John Honor, seconded by John Fairweather, that whereas the farmers of this province have been for many years suffering a large loss annually by reason of the unjust and unfair system of railway discrimination in the matter of freight rights and supply of rolling stock; and whereas this discrimination has been largely in favor of our foreign and western competitors in the markets of the world; and whereas this system of discrimination in freight rates and supply of cars at suitable seasons has been in existence for many years without the railway corporations conceding to us fair and just rates and shipping facilities, and whereas the government and municipalities have granted millions of dollars towards the building of the railroads, which should entitle the people making said grants to at least fair rates and shipping facilities as their competitors; be it, therefore, resolved, that we deem it expedient and necessary for the government to appoint an able and independent board of commissioners, with power to investigate and regulate rates, supply cars for shipping goods, and various other matters that arise between the individual and the railway corporations.

Green Old Age and Flowers.

[New York World.]

Mrs. Sylvia Langdon Dunham, of Southington, Conn., has reached the age of 101 years along a pathway of such serene well-being that she has at twice in a quarter of a century required a physician's care. Her description to a World correspondent of her routine of life is of much value to those who may envy her its tranquility quite as much as its length.

Mrs. Dunham still lives in the old home to which she was taken as a bride in 1824, and has been but once out of her state. Yet travel and excitement are not in themselves hostile to longevity. Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to be nearly 101, traveled much, often under circumstances of considerable hardship and excitement. The most famous centenarians of France in recent times, Dr. de Bossy, 105 years old, is not only a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, but the hero of a recent cholera epidemic.

By mental tranquility does undoubtedly favor old age. Mrs. Dunham goes to bed early, spends at least nine hours in sleep each night and takes a midday nap, eats plain, wholesome food and not too much of it, and spends most of her waking time out of doors, caring for her garden. Life insurance tables of the "expectation of life" prove gardening to be the most healthful of pursuits. The work is not too heavy usually to overtax strength. It keeps one in the open air, and the constant care and contemplation of flowers are favorable to the mental peace which is the first requisite of real health.

If more women would follow Mrs. Dunham's example, combining healthful food and abundant sleep with light outdoor work like gardening, beekeeping and fruit-raising, there would be fewer premature funerals and far less havoc due to shattered nerves.

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